

Stuck like Glue

by SaintTuesday

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Summary: They were stuck together for multiple reasons, here are just some of them. Drabble format.

1. no one knows me better

****Drabble things.**

>Set within Dragons: ridersdefenders/GotN timeline but some of these were written before they existed.**

* * *

><p>Because absolutely no one knows me better.

"No!"

Astrid snarled as she walked away from the latest mounted-weapons practice, she entered the saddle store and heaved the heavy saddle from her shoulder onto a stand.

>"Aw, c'mon Astrid!" Snotlout ducked under a cloth as he chased after her, dumping his specially modified saddle in the process. Astrid whirled instantly at the sound, teeth bared in a snarl;
"For the last time no, and pick that up!" She gestured threateningly at the dropped saddle, "Hiccup will not be happy to see his hard work all over the floor and not being looked after properly, like you promised, instead of paying him."

She turned back to her previous task of finding and grabbing a usable cloth for polishing her own saddle leather, Snotlout hastily picked his own saddle out of the dust and shoved it on a stand:

"Yeah, well |uh |anyway, you never tell us anything about yourself!"

He scrambled to her side as she draped her saddle cloth over the

bench and began picking burrs and twigs out of it with a brush.

>"It's only your favourite colour, I mean all I want to do isâ€¦get to know you better!"<p>

She slammed the brush down hard on the wood with one hand and looked at him. He whimpered quietly at her proximity and stepped away from the irritated Viking.

"Oh really?"

Her eyes drilled into him with the force of gimlets.

He began to bite his nails and backed off a little further, she turned back and rummaged on a shelf.

"So this has nothing to do with a bet with Tuffnut about who knows me better?" Her words were deliberately over-bright and casual as she moved back to the saddle, a jar of polish in one hand and began rubbing the paste into the saddle with the cloth. Snotlout spluttered.

"No! No, er, why would you think that Astrid? How could you think so low of me-" He followed her again as she finished, still making excuses as she picked up both saddle and cloth to move them.

>"-I mean I'm not even the betting type, unlikeâ€¦uh, Hiccup! Yeah, he bets on you all the time." She crossed the room to her designated stand and paused to glare expectantly at the haphazardly placed saddle on it. He popped up at her left elbow like a malignant wasp, still grasping at straws to cover his tracks.<p>

"I try to put a stop to it personally, but you know what they're like- oh, sorry." He quickly removed his saddle from the stand and clutched it under one arm. "Anyway, so yeah I wanna know, is it blue or is it red? 'Cause Tuff's got a lot riding on red an' Fishlegs has suddenly gone in with purple, which I personally don't understand but-"

She turned and looked at him flatly for a moment and he instantly flinched but kept talking. She internally shuddered at how close she had come to nearly saying yes to this boy out of sheer exasperation. Raising a blonde eyebrow at him (dear Thor was he still talking?!) and folding her arms she interrupted his seemingly endless diatribe;

>"Snotlout,"
"-Yeah?" he stopped the tide of useless twaddle, jerking to look at her directly as she leant towards him slightly and smiled.

"I wouldn't tell you my favourite colour if your life depended on it." She said all saccharine sweet and patted him on the cheek. "However I will say; it's not blue." She swept out the door, leaving him in the dust as she listened gleefully to the muffled and getting distant curses now spewing from the saddle store.

"-Damnit!" Snotlout roared.

Not much later that evening, she found Hiccup and Toothless at the ledge watching the stars. Both offered a rumbling greeting as she settled herself in close proximity to them, dangling her feet off the

edge. After a moment she worked around the stone in her throat, '_you never tell us anything about yourself'_ ringing in her ears.

"Hiccup?"
>"Hmm?"<p>

He looked at her from his reclined position on the planks, smiling contentedly.

>"What's my favourite colour?" She clutched at her knees, sitting upright. He looked back at the stars, his smile wider;
"Oh, that's an easy one: Green." He replied confidently, seeing as she was all too prepared to correct him; she was pleasantly surprised he got it right without even thinking about it.

Wriggling closer she lay down and snuggled into his warmth, she kissed him on the cheek.

>"Hm? What's that for?" he questioned, arm automatically going round her.
"Knowing me." She replied sighing happily.

Green.

The colour of _his_ eyes.

* * *

><p>Okay I'm back. For a bit.

Saint over and out.

2. no one makes me feel so good

Set within Dragons: riders/defenders/GotN timeline but some of these were written before they existed.

_I must stress a lack of time line, these were written as inspiration struck and its not to be taken seriously. _

* * *

><p>There's no one that can make me feel so good
_

It was the celebration feast, in honour of a class of Vikings passing the dragon training at once and the entire village escaping with their lives from the biggest threat ever faced. It had been postponed until Hiccup could walk again, the graduation being an important event for any young Viking in the past. But this year it was also celebrating the winds of change arriving in Berks's harbour, on the back of an injured Nightfury.

While it was no longer a celebration of a brilliant final kill and wisely choosing to forgo the freshly dead Dragon head on a pike in the centre, it was still an important event. It just so happened this time round they were getting commendations for saving dragons, as opposed to killing them. Vikings they may be; death and glory were constant companions in their lives, but if there was one thing berk was good at it was throwing a party.

The entire village had gathered in the main hall, which had

decorations over every square inch of it in the form of hanging foliage, coloured streamers (one of Hiccups many inventions that had found a completely different use than the one it was intended for) and the occasional banner. Dragons dripped from the vaulted ceiling, perching on rafters and skirting the mass of happy Vikings on the hall floor. Light came not from the bone chandeliers, but from the numerous flaming torches in ornate braziers and the long strings of lights which were only taken out for special occasions.

As the Chief began his speech about what had happened and how far they had come, Astrid felt quietly pleased that they were, as a group, now being recognised as the saviours of the village.

Of course the man of the hour was Hiccup; who had followed her inside before proving himself quite adept at inadvertently disappearing and leaving her to answer the many questions the villagers had thrust upon her like she was some kind of dragon expert. She forgave him though because he always brought her something in return for heading off the public: food, a ribbon, even a tankard of the forbidden not-for-the-faint-of-heart blackberry cider of which she was quite fond.

It was however a formal occasion, so her usual armour simply would not be appropriate. She'd had to dig out one of her mother's old battle dresses; fortunately they were Vikings, so it wasn't too girly but she still felt weird without her leggings. She was still wearing her boots and kransen underneath, just in case. She had also polished her best armour to a perfect shine just like the rest of the graduating class, who were lined up alongside her to receive their congratulations.

>Hiccup himself had also dressed for the occasion, wearing a new darker green tunic and brown trousers that had a nice threaded pattern in red on the sleeves and collar, helmet tucked under one arm and a shiny new belt buckle.<p>

Stoick had beamed with pride when they had arrived, her arm casually supporting Hiccup as he tripped over his own feet (or rather, foot) in the doorway.

Hiccup had been mortified to find out he had to present the entire ceremony, his father cheerfully calling him the 'most qualified man for the job' despite his greenish pallor at the prospect of public speaking. He handled it fairly well considering his lack of preparation, his closing statement bringing forth a cheer from the audience as the feast commenced.

As the feast went on and gradually turned towards the dancing and the drinking the berkians were known for, the others in their group of graduates had been talking about what trials they had to go through to look good this evening ("Our Dad made us bathe! I've lost my protective layer!" groaned Tuffnut) when somehow this turned into all of them commenting on her celebration dress.

"Speaking of Astrid, you look extra hot tonight! Is it because you knew I was coming?" Snotlout leant over to her on one elbow, smirking greasily.

>"Everyone knew you were coming Snotlout, we could smell your perfume from here! Blech." Ruffnut rolled her eyes as she waved a hand under her nose and stuck out her tongue.

>"It's co-logne!" he stressed, "All adult Vikings wear this!

It makes us _adults _smell good for the ladies!" winking at Astrid (who looked disgusted) he smelt his own armpit and visibly tried not to choke.

>Ruff continued as if he hadn't spoken, "But why did you wear that? You _never _wear dresses! Now my mom's gonna think it okay to put me in one." She looked mournful and slumped head-first onto the table.

>"Yeah," her twin broke in looking equally confused and gestured at his sister with his thumb, "It's gonna make her even worse to live with when that happens. You cleaned up _too_ good, what about some healthy dirt on that fabric? Make it look lived in, y'know?"

>"Shut up you guys!" Fishlegs had noticed Astrid's flushing cheeks and white knuckles and decided to do some damage control; "Astrid, I think you look great underneath all that armour. Right Hiccup?"<p>

The entire group turned to Hiccup; who had been taking a sip of the stealthily obtained cider and promptly choked under the sudden pressure. Coughing slightly, he spluttered out a response looking anywhere but Astrid.

>"Wha- me?! I'm no- uh, expert. I mean- um, uh- I don't know, I- er, thinks it's, um." He nodded, frantically looking for an exit; "Yeah." He held a hand to his ear, "I-is that my dad calling? I better, uhâ€|" standing up from the table Hiccup gestured towards his father grinning weakly, chugged down his cider a like he was attempting to drown himself in it and fled.<p>

Barring Hiccup's weird behaviour (not that it was anything _new_), the entire village seemed determined to compliment her. At first it made her feel proud, she was quite worried about the formal wear to be honest, but people seemed to like it. As the night wore on, however, a nagging feeling rose in her gut instead. As Hoark sipped his mead she was 'looking good' and even Sven nodded his head approvingly at her.

>Astrid felt like she was the butt of some private joke.<p>

Did they mean she didn't look good normally? She was a Viking Shield Maiden, the best warrior in her class and trained _hard_ to keep it that way. When bad dragons attacked or even other Vikings besieged them, looking good was not part of the equation. It's far more important to stay alive than look _pretty_, who cares about a few scars if you kept your head intact?

Sure, it wasâ€| _nice_ to look nice, she supposed.

It's always great when she came out of battle without a scratch on her, it means less clean up afterwards, but when choosing to wear something her first thought was never going to be about whether she looked _good_ in it. If it kept her alive and did its job then she didn't care about how good it looked.

>She was very much a function over form kind of girl.<p>

But everyone likes to look nice.

Eventually, several hours later as the evening wound down and the only people left were the gradually getting drunker adults, she asked Hiccup if what she wore day to day really _did_ look that bad. It was rare for Astrid to feel anything like insecure, but she was now decidedly out of her element and what little pride she had left stung

at asking for help.

Hiccup looked like he had just swallowed his tongue, but his response had been instant and completely sincere;

>"No, no, they justâ€¦ don't know what they're talking about. You could wear a basket and look good in it. Y-you always look beautiful to me- uh, I mean, too anyone- er, der, everyone." He looked panicked at what he had let slip, his eyes wide and skittering away from her face. She had stared at him a moment, as the red on his cheeks grew into a full on scarlet and crept past his ears and down his neck.

>"C'mon, I'll walk you home." He mumbled, holding out an arm to her with his face practically glowing. Astrid took it and hid her grin behind one hand.<p>

Everyone else had said she looked good or even great. Stunning was an occasional adjective, along with pretty and ugh, hot. (Thanks Snotlout.)

But only Hiccup had looked her in the eyes, called her beautiful and meant it.

3. against all odds together

Set within Dragons: riders/defenders/GotN but some of these were written before they existed.

If there is a chronological order to these, then I don't know it. Written as and when they come.

* * *

><p>How did we stay so long together?
When everybody said we never would.</p>

It's been a few weeks since they took down the queen dragon. They've graduated, people were singing songs about them and for some reason Astrid was still hanging around Hiccup like a limpet crossed with a barnacle.

Snotlout just didn't understand it.

"What does she see in him anyway?" he grumbled, leaning on a fence post next to Hookfang at the (now terrified) sheep enclosure. He was too far away to be heard but by interpreting Hiccup's frantic gestures towards a very muddy toothless and a bucket one may be able to ascertain the gist of the conversation.

"You don't know what about who?" Tuffnut's voice broke his (somewhat creepy) stare-fest at the resident couple. Snotlout started but quickly recovered and rested his chin back on his crossed forearms.

>"Astrid. What's so appealing about the fishbone over there?"

>"Uh, you mean besides the fact he took down a dragon bigger than berk?" Tuffnut spoke the obvious answer as if talking to the mentally challenged. Snotlout made a noise akin to that of a spitting cat in dismissal, the 'apart from that' ringing out loud

and clear. Rolling his eyes, Tuffnut sloped over and joined Snotlout's pseudo-stalking. Astrid was now laughing at Hiccup arguing with his dragon, who kept dodging Hiccup's attempts with a scrubbing brush.

"Maybe she just, y'know, likes him. I mean, he's got some things goin' for him I guess?"

Snotlout looked incredulous.

>"Oh *yeah*?! What's he got that I haven't?"

"Uhâ€¦ a brain?" Ruffnut's voice drifted over the hill, both boys turned and looked at her walking towards them, the twins zippleback in tow.

>"Ugh, what are *you* doing here?" Tuffnut groaned.

>"It's *bath* day dork, remember? Mom said if we want to keep 'em they have to be clean." She thumbed over her shoulder at the zippleback, who puffed gas and sparks in cheerful response.

Tuffnut retched. "Don't remind me!" He looked conspiratorily at Snotlout, "I've only been avoiding it the last two weeks." Snotlout grimaced at this unpleasant information that explained far too much about Tuff's bathing habits (and the source of that terrible smell).

>"Buuut, now that you mention it, he does look a little dusty. You should *totally* give him a wash." Tuffnut drawled at his sister, who promptly whipped back the bucket he didn't notice she was carrying and smacked him in the head with it. He fell to the floor with a yelp and a moan.

Stepping daintily over her brother's prone form she took a glance over the fence just in time to see Toothless shake mud all over the couple who began chasing the slightly less muddy dragon round the chief's hut with a bucket of water and the brush.

>"Sooo, spying on the lovebirds are we? You know she isn't gonna leave him right?"
Snotlout bristled: "Why not?! I'm better looking, I have great hair, great aim, an awesome physique and I can break rocks with my head! What's not to love?"

"Your personality?" she muttered, Snotlout ignored her, gesturing furiously with one hand.

>"Besides, what's he got going for him besides stick arms and a dorky haircut?!"
"A nightfury." She deadpanned.

"I have Hookfang!" Snotlout reached out and stroked 'his' dragon only a little tentatively, "A Monstrous Nightmare might I add! Notoriously difficult to kill or capture!"

"He has got a point there." Came a warble from the recovering Tuffnut, who sat up and rubbed his now red forehead. "Ow, I mean, half the village are asking questions about it. And them." he gestured vaguely at the figures below. Snotlout smirked triumphantly;

"Hah! You see? Even the villagers question it! They'll never last. In a while she'll come round and see I'm still the best Viking out there."

The twins looked at each other for a moment and burst out laughing. Snotlout grunted at them and leant against the fence, watching Hiccup

trip over his own feet and accidentally douse Astrid with water instead of his filthy nightfury. freezing for a split second in shock she whirled towards him still dripping, slowly advancing as he tried to hide behind the now empty bucket.

"No, she won't. It's Astrid, when you ever known her to change her mind about anything?" Tuffnut choked out, waving a muddy hand at the girl pouncing on Hiccup and proceeding to tickle the life out of her prey.

>"Yeah." agreed Ruffnut, pulling a face like a teacher losing patience with a student refusing to learn calculus. "She wasn't ecstatic about dating you before, why would she want to change her mind now?"

"You'll see." Snotlout nodded confidently, leaning back onto the post. In the background of his conviction Astrid sat on Hiccup's chest as the poor boy tried in vain to escape.

>"It's all like, mind control left over from the dragon." He made a strange whirly gesture around his head, presumably to represent dragon mind control waves but instead just made him look like the crazy one.

>"You just watch."<p>

The twins glanced at each other for a long minute, then Tuffnut staggered upright and took the bucket from his sister.

>"I'll help clean the dragon." He mumbled, glancing at Snotlout just in case the crazy was contagious.<p>

Snotlout was back to watching the couple below, Toothless now sitting just out of reach and seemingly laughing at his rider's plight.

>"She'll see that I'm still the best viking , 'cept for her of course and how we're just meant to be together!" He looked far to happy at the resolution of this daydream.<p>

Tuffnut looked at him solemnly, then patted him on the shoulder:

>"Sure she will." he turned away and started to walk back down the hill home, he put up a brave fight but after all of six steps he cracked up. Ruffnut snorted, not even pretending to humour Snotlout and followed her twin trilling loudly:

>"Deniiiiial~!"<p>

Both twins laughter framed Snotlout glancing back at Hiccup one more time, watching him plead to an amused Toothless who only yawned innocently until Astrid swooped down and kissed her boyfriend.

Tuffnut managed to reign in his laughter for a moment, shouting: "Good luck with that one, 'lout!" over his shoulder.

Both were still roaring with laughter at the dawning realisation on Snotlout's face.

"Wait, what? Hey! She totally will! I came third in the tournament didn't I? And I won the thawfest games-" He followed them at an indignant jog, protesting as he tried to catch up. Tuffnut only laughed harder before elbowing his sister for getting too close. Starting a shove war that would last until he was shoved over a wall

into a pigsty, whereupon he would throw the bucket in Ruffnut's face in retribution. This would then degrade into an all-out war until Stoick found them both and put them in a time-out.

Hiccup, meanwhile, asphyxiated due to a combination of tickling and elation.

End
file.